

pull the
casket
one more time
im ready to go baby!

XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX

having to say good
ed against hope that
from you to say that
after all - that is
!! But alas, no note
has gone & I'm sure
for you to do, the

bleeding. Place a large open vessel beneath the distal extremity with a long drainage tube,
short at one corner of the box and make a deep "T" cut through the vessel that leads
to the opposite side. This will sever the internal and external iliac arteries, the major
blood vessels carrying blood from the heart to the head, arm, and groin. If the animal
has not yet died, the slit will be quickly and allow for the blood to drain away. After this
the rest of blood, the organ will be compressed and cut by dividing into a specimen.
Drainage can be assisted by massaging the extremity down in the direction of the
A, and by compressing and releasing. "Drainage" will flow out of the specimen and
run around the flaps of blood. There is no use for this fluid, unless some source is
to use it immediately for skull purposes. It will be an error to keep pieces of blood, and
it must be mentioned here that because of the danger possibility of AIDS, it is recommended
that for safety's sake all blood should be removed to be concentrated and discarded
in some fashion. It is not known whether an HIV-infected human's blood, autopsied, or
if correct, but this is another factor to consider when dealing with blood, especially in the



against hope that
you have
after all - that is
!! But alas, no note
has gone & I'm sure
for you to do, the



death death death death death
death death death death death
death death death death death

bring me the hori26n
this is what the edge of your seat was made for

re: they have no reflections

this song is about how shit friends can be, when i was in high school my 'friends' were the biggest set of bastards i have ever met, they stole from me, bullied me & basically just treat me like shit & i had no one else to turn to, all i could do is stick it out, now i'm in the position ~~like~~ now, i can look down & smile as i watch them rot fitting carpets or some shit for the rest of their lives, while i'm going to be proud of what i've achieved, its also saying to my current friends, lets go enjoy life.

I've been dragging the lake, for dead kids while you were sleeping, crossing away the calendar, rotting away into the ground, where you belong, i don't know what they said they all left me for dead, & when i'm done, god can have his way with me, so nail the casket one more time: i'm ready to go baby, nail the casket one more time, twist the knife, it wont last forever, forever more, lets not change the subject: lets go chase the sunset, bring me the horizon, bring me the horizon now, i hate all my friends, this must end.

who wants flowers when your dead? nobody.

if you was told you was to die tonight, would you regret the lack of stuff you have done in your life? don't you wish you had done stuff, seen more of the world, lived a little? its so easy to do nothing you could die regretting everything, this song is talking about if apocolypse came today, they would be so many people kicking themselves because they spent all there lives in education and education and education & then jobs, its not worth it, think about it

a cherry sunset blossoms but were not there to watch it fall on the vacant canvas we should be waiting with our face down on the grass staring till our eyes give way lets paint this city black while the nights still young, this cherry sunset withers our words as frail as paper a dawn i though we would never see alone on this silent beach- there's is nothing we can do the sky it burns its self out, the trees rot down to nothing, throats dry out & corpses fill the sidewalks, these promenades our graveyards, kneeling down on what's left sacrificed upon doomsday o' if we could take it back, & see one last twilight, take a picture, it will last longer, our hands in prayer formation our elbows on the bed, one last try for heaven thinking who wants flowers when your dead?

rawwwrr!

this is a song about changing the way you live, i know its hard to change the routine you've been brought in to the world & taught with, but i think you should put a lot of thought into it, do you really want to spend half your life trying getting somewhere (i'm talking school, university) to then not even end up getting there? you could die tomorrow, your youth is the best thing you can own, if you let it go for a 'better future' you are stupid, its not worth it, when your old- life will suck.

who cares, do something you want, when you are on your death bed i can bet you my whole fucking life you wont think, shit i wish i spent more years in uni on that medical degree so i could of got that audi i always wanted, fuck that, go do stuff that makes your life feel like a movie, there is nothing better than movie perfect moments & that you cannot work for or buy.

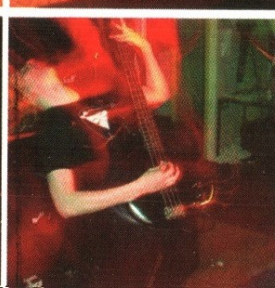
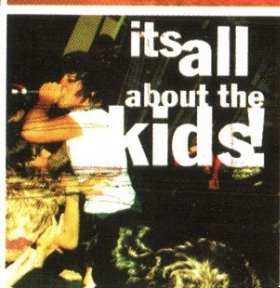
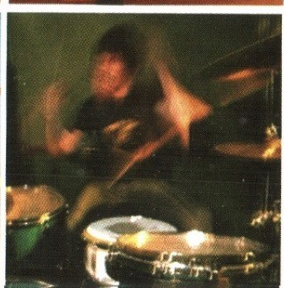
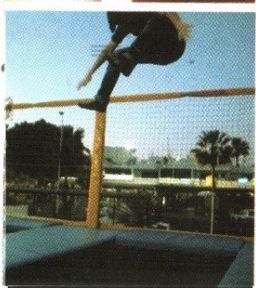
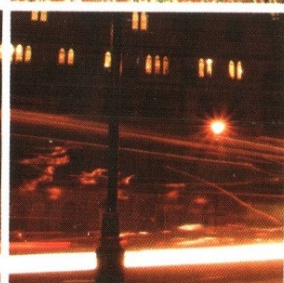
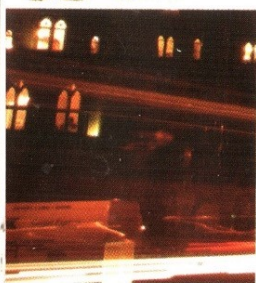
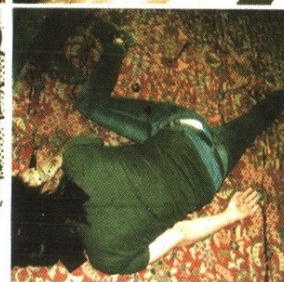
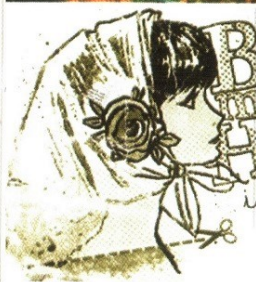
(everybody!) taking back what you stole from me

wash away these memories silent & proud- blood wont confirm on these curtains, your blood, my hands, your blood, my fucking hands, run for the hills astray from the capital & if you think your alive then you're better off fucking dead, salt my eyes in hope i wont see your smile, & i guess this, this will be over my dead body.

traitors never play hangman

this song is me trying to convince myself it was OK to cheat on my gf, that it was like a movie plot, the overindulgence part that is spoken in the song is where i was nocturnal for a couple of days & all the days got ripped apart and time slipped from me - & how horrible life felt, there's nothing worse than guilt, but hey, shit happens.

this is what the edge of your seat was made for, holding on nothing to lose & this is what the back of your hand was there for, stolen apologies, you're a traitor to my heart you're a traitor to us all, forsaken, this over indulgence of conciseness has torn a day apart & lingered in the splendor of the feeling in my stomach, trailing down the shadow of cupped hands, covering my face away from the need to talk to my miscalculation, forsaken, were all movie-stars! & i'm speaking these words you're are traitor to my heart your a traitor to us fucking all & i'm talking to the mirror & i don't want to kiss anyone but you.







A) re: they have no reflections
B) who wants flowers when you're dead? nobody
C) RAWWWRR! XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
D) Traitors never Play Hang-man. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

